

# Don't Put Your Hands On Me

## Boyz N Da Hood

You can talk all the fuck you want  
(Don't put your hands on me)  
Betcha ass gon' get stomped  
(Don't put your hands on me)  
You better get the fuck up out my face  
(Don't put your hands on me)  
Bitch nigga, you better stay in your place  
(Don't put your hands on me)  
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Well, it's a lot of y'all thinking, y'all got great big balls  
'Bout to get everybody wit ya hit 'cause you ain't heard 'bout us  
We on the curb trying to get it like everybody  
And we some thugs so we ain't even worried 'bout ya  
Who gives a fuck 'bout where you hang and who you hung wit?  
I could care less which one of you punks the punk bitch  
If it's my word best believe I'ma stand on it  
Try me like I'm playing my man, I'ma put my hands on ya  
Fuck security they a bunch of hoes  
'Bout to get they damn thongs exposed, yeah  
And I got that feeling  
Say the wrong thing nigga have ya dancing on the ceiling  
I ain't lotto but I'm rich nigga  
And I'ma still smoke 'cause you'd a bitch nigga  
Jeezy a grown ass man homie  
Say what you want but don't put your hands on me  
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Niggaz looking like they want some action  
Shake something let's see what's happening  
Act a donkey start the yapping we gon' get it cracking  
We make your whole click stop, drop and then bitch  
Purchase Moet bottles just to bust you cross the head wit  
'Cause the shit's gon' get gritty as a sewer pit  
Boyz N Da Hood bitch, guess we gotta a truer click  
And we gon' show them lames exactly what they fooling wit  
Watch them dumb fucks cuddle up when the tool clicks

My poultry died, my car got towed today  
My lights ain't on, my folks stole all the yay  
My piss dirty, P.O. gon' told the state  
Rent late trying to find me a home to stay  
Bench warrants in 'bout 4 south eastern states  
Last night I shot a nigga all in the face  
I just got another call full of bad news  
Touch me, I'ma kill ya got problems and an attitude  
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Now, I'm off up in the club drunk, twisted and booted  
You don't wanna test the gangsta was the grams get tooted

Pack a plastic pistol partner, please believe I'll shoot it  
It's the perfect time and place if you want me to prove it  
You can huff and puff like the big bad wolf  
I'll bar ya face up tight and sport the kick ass look  
You can flabber jack, chow jack, talk back  
Cuss me, tongue wrestle 'til ya tongue tied but don't touch me  
I'm such a gangsta I don't tout glocks  
Pop the trunk pump ya ass like some Reeboks  
And I'm strapped I ain't slipping  
Red jersey on Jeezy still cropping  
At any time I'm willing to pop the clip in  
Cock back one up in ya hip and let's see if you limp then  
I done said just about what the fuck I'ma say  
So I'ma leave saying nigga stay the fuck out my face  
'Cause I ain't playing  
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